

TOOK A BIG DOSE OF HASHISH.

Try an Experiment.

**Terrible Mental Agony Caused by
the East Indian Drug.**

For years I have wanted to take a dose of the drug manufactured from Indian hemp, writes Luke Sharp in the Detroit Free Press, but the right combination of circumstances never coincided. The other day I became acquaint-

"I suppose," said the young chemist, "that the drug affects no two men alike. I took it twice—but never again, never again. The first time I

"Last Winter, in Naples, three of us—Luigi Spanti, or rather, a Brazilian, an Italian and myself, got talking about the drug, and I said I would make up a dose for each, the agreement being that we would all take the dose together in my room. Next day I made three doses, each four times the normal amount. The Brazilian refused to take the drug, the Italian and I touched glasses and drank down our portions, each

"We went to the Florentini Theatre where the play was one of Comma's, with Tina and Li Lorenzo, favorite actress, as leading lady. We took our places together in the stalls. The play was going on, but although familiar with it, I found it difficult in following the thread of the story. It did not interest me as usual, yet my mind was preternaturally clear, and I felt that some one was watching me, and looking up saw the son of the hotel proprietor looking down on us from a box. I resented that.

"It seemed to me that my friend and

there were whispering to each other, "hush," there were cries around us of "hush, hush." I was most in reality have been talking loudly. Suddenly the Italian crouched, pulling his broad-brimmed hat over his brows.

"The theatre is coming down," he cried. "Let us get out of this. We are going to be crushed."

"I ridiculed the idea, but felt there was something in it. I kept saying to myself, 'This is the hashish,' yet at the same time convinced me I knew we were in some actual danger, and so I got up with my friend and we made our way to the wall. We couldn't find the door

feeling for it along the wall. We seemed an eternity circling around, my friend rubbing the coat off his back against the side of the theatre, searching for the handle of the door. I wondered why they didn't stop the play to let us out. At last we got out of the theatre after what seemed hours of effort. Once outside, I insisted that the Italian should go to a cafe and have some coffee. He would not agree to this, but kept crouching along the walls of the houses. The town was coming down on us, and I saw the danger. He said, and looking up I saw the tower of the cathedral, "I am not afraid."

"Then he began to cry.
"What is that stuff you have given me. You have poisoned me. What have I done that you should poison me? I have never harmed any one."
"I could give no explanation. I knew there was a reason, but I could not say it. He took the bottle from my pocket and dashed it against the wall. He was very angry and divined what I was about to do. He seized my arm and became violent."

"You have poisoned me, you villain," said the man, "and I will take your best friend. You want to destroy the evidence. I shall not allow you."

"I then remembered that I had taken the same horse from the stable, and I became suddenly dignified at his charge."

"Don't make a scene on the street," I cried. People were pausing and looking at us. I didn't like that. "Look, I will take the rest. It is not poison."

"And with that I swallowed the rest of the stuff and threw the bottle away. I had now eight times the normal dose. I felt I must get the Italian home as soon as possible and I went to my room as soon as I could."

"At last I got him alone and turned him over to his people, and then hailed a cabby and told him where to drive me. I remember after that standing in a cab with the driver and drinking brandy. My throat was in a horrible condition.

"I climbed up the six flights of stairs to my room and locked my door, fastened my window with great care, and I knew, somehow, that my double dose had not yet taken full effect, and I felt that when I was completely under its influence I would throw myself out on the street.

"I threw myself on the bed. My mind

became extra-vagantly absurd. No problem existed that could not be solved for oneself or for oneself or pen. The might write. I felt that the result would be something marvellous. The mystery of life and death was as plain as noonday. All the vexed questions mankind were clear, and if I had had pen such a book would have been written that the whole world would marvel that there had ever been two opinions on the different points.

In the last of my mind became so lucid that it began to upset its own explanation. It would solve a problem, then chances and refute the solution, next

state the case, prove it again and immediately after show the absurdity of the proof, and thus it went, going down a long corridor that appeared to end in darkness. I could not see the end.

"My God! I shall go mad. We must begin at the beginning again or I shall go mad!"

"I tried to get up and go to the window. I could not move hand or foot. I lay on my back with each arm stretched out at right angles to my body, and I stared up with burning eyes to the ceiling, but I could neither close my eyes nor move a finger. And thus I lay till morning. All the money in the world would

GOOD OLD MAINE FARE.
Regal Spread at Uncle Bill Merrill's Husking Bee.

Uncle Bill Merrill gave an old-fashioned husking-bee last week, so reports the Byron correspondent of the Oxford (Maine) Democrat, who let his memory and imagination run away with him in the wise:

"Baked beans, puddings, pies, cakes."

and saucers and apples that would melt in your mouth. Loaves of brown bread stood so high and so large on the table that Frell Abbott, 6 feet high, had to stand on tiptoe to get sight of his partner on the other side of the table. The forty chairs surrounded the table while sixteen babies were laid away in beds and cubbies to revel in innocent dreams. After supper music from fiddles, violas and a tambourine, with frequent choruses from the babies, made old and young forget all care and sorrow.

"Abraham, a three-years' baby," the so-called he took the floor and gave the crowd a swinging, fancy clog dance.

A Good Suggestion.
(From Judge.)
Tom—My fiancée has a parrot and
want to give her something for it. What
would you suggest?
Dick—Cat.

There's No Telling.
(From Texas Siftings.)
Hypochondriac—I am very much afraid
I'm going to have something serious about

Military Item.
(From Texas Sitings.)

Birdie McGinnis—How dreadful it must be for a soldier in the midst of life a health to be swept away by a cannon ball!

Private Bondclipper (of the Seventh Regiment)—Oh, we get used to that sort of thing in a short time.

